

Crashed Girl Time by [littlefaerielights](#)

Series: [A Place in This World \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Coming Out, Light Angst, M/M, family? bonding, like they're all best friends, they just love and support each other so much

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Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper & Mike Wheeler, Friendship - Relationship, Maxine "Max" Mayfield & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/ Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

All the Important conversations in Mike's life involve nail polish and he doesn't have a problem with that.

Crashed Girl Time

Why did all of the Important conversations in Mike's life lately involve nail polish?

It was *all* Nancy's fault and honestly, Mike loved her for it. He lived for the nights spent locked in her room every week while she painted his nails, teaching him about colors and bitching about their respective days while they shared cigarettes. And he really loved how the Party had latched on to the idea of painting each other's nails. Mike thought it was the sweetest fucking thing and kept a box of nail polish in the basement.

El liked to match with him because she said Nancy picked the prettiest colors for him and it wasn't fair because Nancy's colors were never in their box. It didn't matter, Mike thought it was really fucking cute and he would happily match with El any day of the week if it made her happy. Max liked vibrant, neon colors because she said it reminded her to smile. Lucas always painted one of his nails whatever color Max had hers, even though he preferred dark colors. Dustin could never decide on one color, which Mike thought totally fit him, so his nails were usually five different colors at all times. Will painted his nails whatever color he was feeling that day and Mike liked to tease him that that was *such an artist thing to do*, but it suited him and they always looked beautiful—just like him.

And this is why he found himself on El's bedroom floor, painting her nails while Max hung off of the bed. "You've been here for thirty minutes, Mikey, and you still haven't said a word." She tapped her fingers on his knee. "What's wrong?"

Mike bit his lip, finishing off the second coat on her left hand. El ran her hands through his hair gently and he relaxed a little. This shouldn't be hard. He kind of saw El and Max like Nancy. Well. Other than the fact that he and El dated for a while—but they didn't talk about that.

"There has to be a reason you crashed our girl time, Wheels." Max rolled over onto her stomach. And, well, *yeah*, Max was right. Because, like Nancy, Max was usually right.

Mike had come to realize a few years ago that the women in his wife were just *right*. Like, ninety nine percent of the time. But they didn't need to know that, so he didn't tell them. Because he had a feeling that if he did, Max wouldn't let it go.

"You know you can tell us anything." El added softly, exchanging her hands. Mike nodded quietly, watching her as she blew on her nails. He thought about how he could say this. It was easy with Nancy. Why did he think this was going to be easier than going to the guys first?

Right.

Because the guys included *Will* and he wasn't ready for that yet. Also. El and Max tended to be more understanding about... well, everything. So there was that. "Okay," Mike began softly, picking up El's right hand. Max slid off the bed and crawled over to where they were sitting. She sprawled out on her back next to El and looked up at Mike expectantly. There was a little *too* much understanding in her eyes, like she *knew* what he was about to say and it kind of made him uncomfortable. He turned all of his attention to El's hand. "I—I'm bi? Okay, wait, I didn't mean for that to sound like a question. I am bi and I—"

It hit him all of the sudden, that he had *never* said those words out loud before. They didn't sound as earth shattering as he thought they would, but most importantly, they felt *freeing*. What didn't feel nice, though, was the silence that followed. He looked up. El looked a little confused and Max was smiling widely at him.

"What does that mean?"

"It means I like girls *and* boys, Ellie." Mike said gently. El smiled and nodded seriously, like everything suddenly made sense and Mike sighed. Max sat up and threw her arms around him.

"I'm proud of you." she kissed his cheek before sitting back down. "Are we the first ones you told?"

"No." Mike said, dipping the brush back into the bottle and scrapping the excess paint off on the side. "I had a really long talk with Nancy

about it and—“

“Okay, well, I mean, the first ones *other* than Nancy, because *obviously*.” Max rolled her eyes.

“Oh. Right.” Mike painted El’s ring finger and looked up. “Yeah.”

“Dude, this calls for pizza.” Max declared, standing up. “I’m ordering pizza, and no, *Michael*, we are not getting fucking *pineapple* on it because that is an *abomination*.”

“It’s delicious!” he yelled after her.

“I’m sorry, honey, but your opinion is wrong.” Max popped her head back in the room. Mike glared at her. “Fruit *does not* belong on pizza.”

“You’re just—“

“Nope, we are *not* having this argument again.” El cut them off by covering Mike’s mouth with her hand.

“Make sure you get me a veggie pizza.”

“Oh, you’re doing that vegetarian bullshit again?” Max scrunched up her nose before walking away. They sat in silence for a few minutes while Mike finished painting her nails. When he screwed the lid back on the bottle, El crossed her legs under her and looked at Mike curiously.

“Can I ask you a question?” she asked quietly. “You don’t have to answer.”

“What’s up, Elle Belle?” he responded, leaning over and putting the bottle on the desk.

“Why were you so... nervous? scared? to tell us?” El asked. Mike frowned because *obviously* it wasn’t a pretty answer. And it was kind of simple, but not really, because he knew she would ask more questions—questions he wouldn’t have the answers to, because really, it was all fucked. It really was and he didn’t know how to fully explain it to her without being *so* blunt. He took a deep breath.

“Because, Ellie, boys aren’t *supposed* to like other boys.” He explained softly. “And it’s really kind of fucked, because, like, there’s *no reason* for it, right? It’s just kind of something most people are kind of taught when we’re growing up that it’s *wrong* and people have gotten *killed* over it and like, it’s just, it’s *fucked*, because it really shouldn’t be such a big thing. You should be able to like who you like and that’s it, but that’s not how the world fucking works because... because... it *sucks*.” He was out of breath by the time he was finished and El’s eyes were wide and kind of watery. She threw herself in his arms.

“I’m sorry, Mikey.” She muttered into his neck. “That’s—that’s not *fair*.” She squeezed him tightly.

“Alright, pizza’s ordered.” Max announced, walking back into the room. “Should be—“ She paused when she saw El wrapped around Mike and raised an eyebrow questioningly at him. He held a finger up to her.

“I’ll kill anyone who tries to hurt you.”

“Ellie, you can’t just *kill* people.”

“Well, other people kill people just for loving who they want to love.” El shrugged, releasing him. “What’s the difference?”

“You can’t argue with that logic.” Max smirked, jumping back onto the bed.

“Yeah, it’s called self defense.” Mike rolled his eyes and pulled El close to him, planting a kiss on her forehead.